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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Easter Greeting

O Day of light and gladness,
Of prophecy and song,
What thoughts within us waken,
What hallowed memories throng!
The soul's horizon widens,
Past, present, future blend;
And rises on our vision
The life that hath no end.

Earth feels the season's joyance;
From mountain-range to sea
The tides of life are flowing,
Fresh, manifold and free.
In valley and on upland,
By forest pathways dim,
All Nature lifts in chorus
The resurrection hymn.

O Lord of life eternal,
To thee our hearts upraise
The Easter song of gladness,
The Passover of praise.
Thine are the many mansions,
The dead die not to thee,
Who fillest from thy fulness
Time and eternity.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

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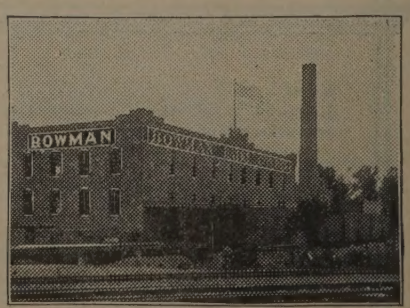

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVII THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1906 NUMBER 8

DEBT.

What do I owe to God?
A simple faith in Him, that He is good;
That He is me, in every varying mood.
That always, ever, He doth follow law,
His law of visions, that the prophets saw.

What do I owe to Man?
Abiding love. A splendid give and take,
A mighty will to mend, altho' I break,
Puerile, puny, impotent man-made schemes,
Weak, bastard issue of hypnotic dreams.
This do I owe to man, that I must give
Him all the same fair freedom I would live.

What do I owe to Self?
Unconscious building of my man-made strength,
That it be mighty in its breadth and length;
The conscious forming of a fecund mind,
Which freely follows whim, kind after kind;
Converting plastic cell until it tune
Itself to mighty concord, rune on rune.
That in quiescent hope doth touch the soul,
Which from out all doth blend a perfect whole.
That selfishly doth mould almost in greed,
So fine and strong and frank I thus may breed
Free men, free women, God's one recompense
For worn-out faiths that dull the new-born sense.
What do I owe to self? That I be free
To follow truth in all, eternally,
Ne'er to bow down to time-worn narrow creeds
That took their being from their antique needs.
For I need light to see, to feel and know
The greatness of the way in which I grow.
And I owe self the one thing that He gave,
We freemen are and Law doth not enslave.

CHARLES F. EDSON.

Los Angeles, Cal.

UNITY rejoices in no man's incarceration, but it is a matter of much cheer that at last the prison doors swing open to receive those guilty contractors, Greene and Gaynor, whose money has so long enabled them to defy justice and evade law.

The ten thousand Indians in California are wasting away from inadequate food and water supply on the fringes of the desert land into which the Christians (?) of the United States have crowded them, that the pious might have money out of the lands that were their birthright!

The *Congregationalist* cannot see what our government can do in behalf of the victims of the Congo Free State "unless it should ask the Powers responsible for the disgraceful situation to take steps to remedy it." Neither do we; but why not that? Would not that be a great and good thing to do? What are republics for if not to render such services to humanity? For this cause came they into the world.

Again a sad calamity has befallen a Chicago congregation in an overcrowded church, the cracking timbers in which caused a panic and four young girls lost their lives and many were seriously injured in the senseless stampede. Doubtless much can be done by better building and police regulations, but there is much also to be done in the development of self control, in putting mind in the saddle. Emotion unguided by reason is always a menace, whether the crisis be physical or spiritual.

The Chicago campaign in the interest of woman suffrage in the new charter goes on merrily, but too much labor and money, perhaps, is expended in persuading those who are already persuaded. Sisters, beware of how you waste your ammunition with no enemy in sight. If any headway is to be made, it must be by converting men. Our appeal just now is not to the public, but to a picked body of jurors. Indeed, it ought not to be a woman's contention in the present emergency in Chicago; it ought to be a Macedonian cry from the men: "Come over and help us! We are in great straits; we need the result of your training, experience and insight."

The senior editor of UNITY unwittingly gave the newspapers of Chicago a passing sensation by recently speaking of suburbanism as one obstacle to municipal progress. The address on this subject, given before the Unity Club of the Third Unitarian church last week, disclaimed originality in this charge. It was L. T. Hobhouse, in his "Democracy and Reaction," who said:

> "While the private life of the suburb is no doubt comfortable and blameless, politically it is a greater burden on the nation than the slum. It has, to begin with, no healthy corporate life."

We do not care to defend the lecture or the lecturer in these columns. It is clear that many patriotic, public spirited and tireless workers for civic reform do live in suburbs, but it is equally obvious that there is a growing number of wealth-getters who find their money-making opportunity in the city, the money thus obtained opening up for them an easy escape from the civic responsibilities, sanitary inconvenience and municipal obligations that

belong to citizenship. This selfish quest for sanitary homes, clean streets, good water, for the favored and in favored sections, while the disgraces and the diseases go unattended to on "the other side of the river" and "beyant the tracks," is a menace not only to municipal progress, but to the peace, health, and happiness of the guilty parties themselves.

Theodore Roosevelt has again struck off a telling phrase and with it has found his way into the popular heart. The figure of the "muck rake" is a catchy one, but, like all figures, it has its dangers. The preacher at the White House has fallen a victim to the text-preaching danger. He himself was apparently half-conscious of the wrench he gave to his text. Clearly, he carried Bunyan's text beyond Bunyan's thought. Bunyan's man was not the fault-finder, perhaps the over-zealous critic of things as they are in the interest of things as they might be; he was simply the sordid, swinish reveler in husks who looked not down in search of things to be corrected, but down in search of things that would minister to his own needs and add to his own pile. President Roosevelt, like so many other preachers, found his sermon in a misapplication of his text. The sermon may be wise and it may be timely, for all that. Here again the president seems to have been haunted with a sense of ethical confusion which he tried to avoid. Are these newspaper and magazine writers who are determined to speak out and talk plain concerning iniquities, to be for a moment confounded with muck-gatherers? Let the complacent, the indulgent, the "successful," who find a degree of comfort in what has been called the "president's rebuke," open their Bibles and find the great "muck-rakers" in this sense within its pages. Who were greater fault-finders, those most insistent in their exposures and their arraignments than the grand old prophets of the eighth and seventh centuries B. C.—Amos, Micah, Hosea, Isaiah, and the magnificent protestant, the inspired grumbler, Jeremiah. One of the most potent men who ever lived. Indeed, Theodore Roosevelt himself is no amateur in the use of this "muck rake." There is nothing more to be dreaded in the ethical world than a limp, complacent and nerveless optimism. The serene Emerson himself was a merciless critic, a splendid iconoclast, "smiting the Godless shrines of men." If there is stench in the nostrils, the remedy is not in the breaking of the rake, but in getting rid of the muck.

The *National Daily Review* has set out to muster a million American families for the establishment of a safe and saving family life which shall not only preserve the best traditions of the Republic but make new heights of national character a possibility. In such a regimen of the home the fixed habit of rational self-control is of prime importance.—*The National Daily Review.*

Editorial Wanderings—Continued

In my previous notes I said that "the cause of academic freedom, the spirit of democracy based on the fundamental doctrine of the universal brotherhood, still halts in the South. Three mighty dominations menace the South in these directions, viz., the intimidations of the politicians, the timidity of the theologians, and the social enthusiasm based on the prejudices and conceits of society." In the last analysis, the cause of religion is the cause of progress. The condition of the churches in the South indicates its real status in civilization. Culture, education, legislation and social intercourse in the South are probably much more under the domination of the churches than they are in the North.

"The South has had many troubles and much to contend with, but there is one thing the South has escaped for which it ought to be very thankful—we have never been troubled here with the various forms of infidelity, 'Higher Criticism" and the like, of which you have so much in the North," said a Sunday-school worker in the federal prison at Atlanta to the preacher from Chicago, the vagueness of whose ecclesiastical relations seemed to trouble him. This zealous "worker" accounted for this fortunate escape of the South by the fact that the original settlers of the South were largely of the stalwart stock of Scotch and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians.

That the South is as yet largely untouched by the ameliorating and hopeful gospel of Bushnell, Beecher, Phillips Brooks, Channing, Theodore Parker and their sympathizers in many denominations, is quite obvious, and still, this leaven is at work even in the South. At Atlanta and New Orleans I preached to flourishing Unitarian churches—the former church saddened by the announcement that their minister, Henry W. Foote, is soon to sever his relations and take up the important missionary post at Ann Arbor, Mich. This is good news to Ann Arbor, but it is indeed sad for New Orleans, for Mr. Foote, in his short ministry there, has struck root, become a part of the life of the city, a factor to be reckoned with in all good movements. Could he have been allowed to remain undisturbed by what seemed to be the bigger chance for ten years, or better yet, twenty-five years, there is no telling what great things he might have accomplished. Atlanta, on the other hand, is rejoicing in the new life and the stronger outlook coming from the ministry of Rev. Mr. Sanborn, who, in a few short months, has turned the tide and changed what to his predecessors seemed to be a waning cause into a waxing movement, pointing at a field so large and a constituency so numerous that it threatens to shatter the architectural limitations and the traditional minorities and weaknesses of the Unitarian movement.

But more significant than the success of the Uni-

tarian movement in Atlanta is the realized fellowship reaching across denominational lines. I went to Atlanta under the auspices of a Unity Club consisting, I believe, of nine ministers, each one representing a different connection. The president of the club was the Jewish Rabbi, a Methodist minister, a Christian pastor, a Congregationalist and perhaps a Presbyterian, as well as the Unitarian and Universalist ministers of the town, constitute the membership. At Knoxville, the Congregational minister and the pastor of a Methodist Church, North, introduced me to the two congregations, which I addressed under the auspices of a woman's club, the chairman of which was the Congregational minister's wife. At New Orleans, Montgomery and Atlanta I was welcomed to the pulpits of the Jewish congregations and spoke at each place at the regular Sabbath service, while at Auburn I was welcomed with no less cordiality to the Sunday morning hospitalities of the Methodist Church, South, the pastor conducting the preliminary services at the afternoon lecture, which I gave to the students of the state institution, and wherever I spoke I plead for the same gospel of open fellowship and the growing brotherhood.

I realize that "one swallow does not make a summer;" these courtesies do not mean much, but they mean a little, and in the story of human progress, a little reaches far; a beginning is momentous, and the decisive question at any time and place is not, "How far have you traveled?" but rather, "In what direciton are you going?"

The time may not have come for a change in the organic constitution of the southern churches; certainly the soil seems inhospitable for would-be liberal churches, and the Unitarian and Universalist churches are still looked upon as exotics with an uncertain tenure of life. But my experience of the last three years proves that there is an ever-growing hospitality on the lecture platform, a widening field for an earnest word, in the interest of culture, education and the piety that is practical. In South Carolina, in Texas, and this year in Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee, I found college doors gladly allowing me to enter; women's and other clubs ready to make common cause for the popular interpretation of science, literature and art, in the interest of morality and religion.

Let no one be deceived, North or South; the statistics of prosperity mean but little. The arbitrament of the sword, which has been accepted, did not excuse the South from the pressing demands of progress or the inexorable message of science. The blind and mad passion that leads to the dastardly lynchings, ever fresh records of which are found in the daily papers, is rooted quite as much in the barbaric conservatism of the white man as it is in the unbridled passion of the black. And the bestiality of the former is far less pardonable than that of the second, for the white man comes to his barbarism through his boastful piety, his flaunted patriotism, his affectation of superior blood and dominant race. The responsibilities for these outrages in the South rest with the preacher and the schoolmaster. The remedy must come from the college and the church, the present fertile sources of these demoniacal inspirations. It is painful to note on the campuses of southern colleges the greater frequency of the cigarette and the pipe than in the northern colleges of the same grade and to overhear in the talk the echoes of the swagger and the rudeness, the conceit and the coarseness that is the unconscious prolongation of ante-bellum times, the curse of slavery, whose blighting influence is probably always more far-reaching and fundamental upon the perpetrators than upon the victims of the crime.

The South needs to be "troubled" with "Higher Criticism" and other "heresies" and "infidelities" that teach the universality of God's love, the educability of all his children, the practicality of the prophets, the workability of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount everywhere and for all peoples.

The religious message most needed in the South just now is the message of the Congress of Religion, which delights in the prophetic text: "For have we not all one father; hath not one God created us?" The Congress seeks not to disturb existing traditions or to create new ecclesiasticisms where too many already abound, but it does seek to extend the spirit represented by the Atlanta Unity Club and to make more frequent and effective the hospitalities experienced in these March "Wanderings" of the editor of Unity, which paper tries to make religious grist out of everything that comes to its mill—science, literature, art, trade, and the economic and political questions of the day. In short, the time has come for a popular interpretation and enforcement in the South of the gospel message of Sidney Lanier, which he so splendidly incorporated in his masterpiece, "The Symphony."

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

From Our Subscribers

A reader of South Dakota in renewing subscription says:

"I have been a subscriber of UNITY for sixteen years continuously and have most of my papers filed away." This must be an exceptional achievement in these days of confusing publications. A sixteen-year file of any paper trying to take sober thought of current events and to render the same in terms of morals and spiritual life ought to be more profitable in re-reading than in the first reading. Our good Dakota friend, alas! may never have time for that re-reading, but we save our self-respect in hoping that somebody will look over these files some day or another.

Another subscriber writing from Buffalo says:

"I get much help from the paper. I turn to each issue with anticipation, like a good meal which is replete with wholesome matter served in a good manner, which together with the fine spirit is strongly stimulating and satisfying. I reckon that two dollars for UNITY provides me with a soul-tonic for all seasons of the year."

Natural Assets

Senator Platt's bill looking to the preservation of Niagara Falls points probably to the only means by which that most desirable end can be brought about—joint action by the governments of the United States and Great Britain, comments the New York *World*.

The spoilers are either working or eagerly waiting on both sides of the Niagara river. New York cannot thwart them alone. Canada can look after no more than her own power-grabbers, even if she shall wake to the necessity of doing that much.

There are hard-working money-makers to whom Niagara means little more than wasted water-power, the Adirondacks forests of unconverted pulp and the Palisades so many tons of unground concrete. They are not peculiar to this State. At other capitals as well as Albany their raids are to be feared at every session of the legislature.

The Federal Government has assumed care of some of the larger national assets in nature, like the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the Yellowstone Park, the Appalachian Reserve, and recently the Yosemite Valley. But how many States and smaller communities are true to their obligations as local trustees to the whole people? The duties of guardianship as a rule fall to private hands, if to any.

The Swiss people possess a capital of incalculable value in the mere scenery of the Alps. They might almost subsist, if other resources failed them, from the revenues tourists bring them. A statistician with a business turn of mind has estimated that the monuments and historic places of Paris, together with the civic pride of the people which has kept it the city beautiful, pay immense dividends.

In England the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty takes a less commercial view. In the last eleven years it has come into permanent ownership of nine open spaces, seven old houses and four memorials. Its purpose is to preserve first of all for England such historic houses as the Joiners' Hall at Salisbury, and the venerable postoffice in the Cornish village of Tintagel; memorials like the old Sanctuary Cross at Sharrow, and open spaces for public use such as command fine views from the headlands of the Kentish and Cornish coast and in the Lake Country.

It is not so easy to work through a national trust in the United States. This country is not so compact as England. But the time may soon come when some such move may be necessary.—*From Leaflet issued by American Civic Association.*

The Tree

The tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown,
"Shall I take them away?" said the frost, sweeping down.
"No; leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung.
"Shall I take them away?" said the wind, as he swung.
"No; leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow.
Said the child, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes; all thou canst see;
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

—*Bjornstjerne Bjornson.*

THE PULPIT

Why Protestantism Has Failed to Teach Its Own Bible

BY DAVID BEATON, PASTOR LINCOLN PARK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

It is our task to consider why Protestantism which is founded on the Bible has failed to teach the book of books to its own children. This is mainly by holding to an obsolete doctrine of inspiration that has long since ceased to have any place in the thought of the Christian scholarship of the age. Leaders of Sunday-school work have continued to deny to the youth of our churches the wealth of the historical and literary researches of the past century. They have continued to lay emphasis on the equal authority and value of all parts of the book. Either they have been afraid of the results of modern criticism, or the obsolete system of lessons they have persisted in adopting have made it impossible for those results to be made known to the pupils. And their fears are not groundless; for with the present system of teaching these results could not possibly be taught; and with the present ideas of the Bible these results would be destructive of all authority and reverence for the divine word.

As a result of this failure to act up to the light, and trust in God, our scholars know little or nothing of the Bible as history, or literature, or the foundation of the great moral codes of enlightened nations, or the religious development of the race; nor how it answers the great problems of existence both for the race and the individual. They have little or no systematic knowledge of the specially religious subjects of prophecy, Messianic preparation for the kingdom of God, the wealth of moral race wisdom in the proverbs, or the devotional culture in the psalms. The Bible is to the majority of them a vast compendium of moral lessons rather remote from present life, a jumble of ancient history, here and there lighted up by the stories of heroism and purity of certain great names, and above all a quarry for texts for sermons. They began its study nowhere, and they end it at the same place. They may know Moses as a meek man, but they do not know him as a great statesman, who gave a nation a constitution and laws, nor could they analyze his political and constitutional work as they could the works of Solon or Webster. They expect to get some good out of all this miscellaneous and confused knowledge, but they know not when or how; for they have not been taught systematically about the Holy Spirit that gives life to the letter of the word. We throw the Scriptures into the life of the child, as we do castings into a hopper, expecting that one fact will grind the rough edges off the other, but we ought to treat them as the lapidary does a gem, each one polished to display its own light before the admiring eye. If we do this we need never be afraid of their comparison with other literature or moral teachings, nor the critical objections that have been made upon them. But if we do not do this, then they will soon learn all these things from unfriendly lips; and no severer arraignment can be brought against any religious teachers than that they have failed to fortify the hearts and minds of their charges against the assaults of the critical and enquiring spirit of the age.

This course of folly and sheer madness relating to the teaching of the Bible must be abandoned. We have long regarded the Bible as the easiest thing to teach, when as a matter of fact it is the most difficult of all subjects to teach wisely and adequately to im-

mature but enquiring minds. Protestantism never took a vaster contract than when she translated the Bible into the vulgar tongue and declared it the heritage of the people. The churches never took a more serious task in hand than when they proposed to teach it to the children of the people. We have been playing at this work. The churches still regard it as a side issue. Many of them have neither the material equipment nor the mental and spiritual fitness required for it. It is a rare church that has a board of officers who regard the accommodations, or the fitness of the members, for such service as the leading duty and qualification for membership. It is enough to make a cynic laugh or an angel weep to compare the sanctimonious professions of reverence for the Bible among Protestants with their general indifference as to how it is taught, or even to the intellectual and moral fitness of those who teach it to their children. It would be the basest ingratitude and indeed the rankest unfairness to reflect in any way upon the present race of Sunday-school teachers; for it is only from their spirituality, enthusiasm, tactfulness and personal friendship for the children that any success the institution has had has come. But even their splendid patience and zeal have been unable to overcome the paralyzing influences of an unscientific system and an unprepared class of pupils.

It remains to point out a social fact which reveals the decadent condition of the Protestant churches to this form of religious service. Our accomplished and college bred youth are not being trained, either by the example or precept of their parents, for the teaching of religion in the Sunday-school as a service worthy of their ability or as a post of honor in the church. Indeed the accomplishments, the learning, the scientific attitude of mind which have won them distinction in their social set or in college have apparently alienated them from the very Bible which built up their social life and fostered their educational privileges. They are not returning again to the parching hearts of their neighbors the life-giving waters which the Bible poured into the full river of their own life; and as a result these rivers are losing themselves in the deserts of selfishness and fashionable worldliness. Why this reversal of the law of progress? Largely because the ideas and methods of the Sunday-school, when compared with the educational ideas and methods they have learned in science and literature and art, are impossible and ridiculous. When they went out into the world of civil life, or art, or learning, they discovered all advancement and attainments to come under the operation of certain laws of the mind, of personal activity, and submission to those laws, but when asked to engage in the work of teaching the children, in what is professedly the supremest interest of life, they discovered that all that they had painfully learned in other spheres of thought and action had to be reversed or neglected in religious teaching. They discovered that the intellectual ideas and the practical methods still prevailing in the Sunday-school were those of a prehistoric age; that they were survivals in fossil condition of an extinct life. They found the dodo and the mastodon as the type of educational life for the Sunday-school when man in the age of electricity set the pace in secular education. It was like coming back to the ox-cart, the coracle, the tallow candle, and the story teller, when the Pullman car, the steamship, the electric light, and the newspaper had created a new conception of universal life. In face of these facts it is small wonder that our most accomplished and most intellectual youth fight shy of the service of Sunday-school teaching or in many cases even regard it with contempt. Yet these are our best young people; they are the flower of our Protestant civilization, and in them is discovered most glaringly the schism between our secular and our religious systems of education.

The Protestant bodies must face the educational problems which they themselves have created. They have surrendered to the State the duty of providing secular education. They have surrendered to the Catholics, the Jews, and the Secularists their demand for the cessation of religious education in those public schools. The Bible will never again be taught in those schools as the ground and authority of religion. If the Protestant believes that a religious training is necessary for salvation, or for civic fitness, he has no institution in which to give that training but in his home or the Sunday-school. Religious education must, therefore, be reconsidered in the light of the larger problems of life. It can no longer be thought of as a sectarian propaganda for increasing our church membership and supporting our creeds. It demands more than spiritual zeal for the conversion of individual souls, for it deals with interests that flow all over the surface of, and down deep to the roots of the undivided life of the child. We must regard religious education as decisive, not only of the spiritual future of the child, but as the determining factor in the fate of the child in this life, and the nation and race of which he forms a part.

But these interests are noted here merely to show what a vast field the results of modern scholarship and the religious and civil liberty created by the independent spirit of Protestantism has opened up, and to explain why the old ideas and methods of the Sunday-school are no longer fit to cope with the new demands; why a system that deals with points of personal belief may break down before a comprehensive moral and religious training of the whole nature of the child. They shew also the ground of our contention that the historical continuity of the Protestant spirit and institutions demands the teaching of the Bible systematically, and in accordance with the best scholarship, as the historic, doctrinal, literary, civic, and religious heritage of our youth. We owe it to them that they shall not only know the Bible, but love and obey it; that their mental powers and moral tastes shall be steeped in its pure and stimulating atmosphere as Luther, Latimer, Wesley, Bunyan and Baxter felt its virile force and chastening grace in their day. But this can be done only if they are led to its study without the prejudice and distrust that come of the idea that they are to deal with it under a new set of mental laws. They must be taught its history as they are taught Green and Prescott, its literature as they are taught Longfellow and Shakespeare, its laws and constitutions as they are taught Hallam and Fiske. What is more than, and beyond, those great subjects they will be in no danger of confounding either in origin or purpose, because they have been taught to discriminate between the Spirit that created the religious idea and the form in which it was conveyed to man. But the transcendant service which our youth today need at the hands of the religious teacher is to have the Bible exalted as the unique and supreme moral authority, and vitalized as the practical guide on that greatest issue of the personal and social life of man, his spiritual nature and relation to God.

Much that has been said above is concerned after all with the material facts of Holy Scripture; but Protestantism sets its followers an even harder task than this.

It demands an explanation of the moral and intellectual meaning attached to them as the authoritative guides of life. It is not the mere historical event or the literary forum of the thought that give value to the instruction. It is the moral and spiritual insight and bearing of these facts that make them subjects of religious teaching. It is this indeed that makes our Bible. Now it is because this higher kind of teaching is accomplished by scientific methods of instruction when united with a spiritual motive, and yet is certainly being frustrated, though that motive is present, by adherence to a false system, that the modern teacher must adopt the best tools for the difficult work to be done. Before our teachers will take the trouble to master a new system they must see the relation of the systematic methods of teaching to the problem of securing and retaining the scholar's interest on the one hand, and their readiness and susceptibility to the moral and spiritual meaning of the facts on the other.

The supreme end of all religious training is to touch the heart and move the will in the interests of truth and goodness, but we all acknowledge that before this can be done we must secure the pupil's interest in the subject. And the problem of securing an interest in the lesson is a purely pedagogical one, subject to the laws governing the body and mind of the child. At first glance it may appear to some that we secure interest in Bible subjects by working prematurely on the religious feelings of the child, and securing what we call his conversion; but this process gives no certainty of a growing intellectual capacity, or a continuous moral sympathy with the faith. Indeed, a premature excitement of the feelings may deceive both scholar and teacher, and disturb the normal development of the emotions and will of the disciple. What is wanted is a cumulative interest; an interest that will come to the child, grow with the boy, increase with the youth, and remain with the mature man. This can be done only by so grading the subjects taught that they will continue to furnish the needed intellectual and moral freshness and fascination equally for the reason, and the will, and the heart. And it is only as this cumulative interest is won and retained that we have any scientific ground for believing that we can win an interest in, and an acceptance of, the moral and spiritual truths that mold character and determine the destiny of the child and the race. This, in a word, is the scientific basis for a religious education.

Failure of the Protestant Sunday-schools to win an interest in the subjects they seek to teach is now no longer a matter of conjecture. As stated above the census of one denomination in the United States showed in the year 1900 a loss of 10,000, and one in England 16,000 scholars. This is representative of the whole body, and indicates a vast falling off in attendance contrasted with the increase of the youthful population crowding into our common schools. But it is not merely in the numbers lost, but the ages at which the losses occur, that show that these losses are due to want of interest on the part of the scholars. The youths between the ages of fourteen and eighteen are the ones who leave our schools in this fashion. Some of this loss is doubtless due to the disturbance that occurs when the young people of the working classes go to work; and much to the development of self-consciousness and fear of the ridicule of their companions, many of whom think the Sunday-school for girls and little children. But the great leakage is coincident with the period of intellectual and moral activity both in the boys and girls. This is the age when the problems of life are becoming of interest to them, and when those problems are being treated with ability and by scientific methods in the high schools by wise and faithful teachers. And this is the age when the youth is jealous of his or her growing dignity and quick to resent the least appearance of keeping him or her in the dark concerning those questions. At this supreme crisis of the young life the Sunday-school has nothing to offer to this quick, eager, maturing mind but the jejune reiterations of moral homilies that have been rung into their ears since they left the primary department.

Here are some incidents in the present malpractice of religious education. The principal of a grammar school having received of a lad of fourteen a correct and intelligent answer to a Biblical question, enquired of him where he went to Sunday-school. "I don't go to any Sunday-school," was the reply. "I quit going some time ago." "How was that?" asked the teacher further, for she saw there was a story behind the case. "Oh! they did not teach me anything there, and I just quit." "How do you know the Bible so well then?" asked the teacher again, anxious to get the boy to unfold his religious experiences. "My father once took me to hear a lecture on the 'Literature of the Bible,' by Professor Moulton," replied the boy, "and I was so astonished to learn that the Bible was literature like other books, and had history, and all those things that we boys are interested in, that I just decided to study it for myself. I never could understand the Bible in the Sunday-school nor get interested in it, so I just quit; but I like to read it now."

The lad's experience is no exception. There are thousands of our most promising youth mentally starved like him, and our inability to secure his interest explains the leakage in our school census; but alas, it does more, it explains the reason of our failure to bring such minds and hearts under the sway of the truths of christianity.

It is neither the subject matter of the Bible nor the absorption and carelessness of our youth that are to blame for this loss of interest in religious training; for high school and college students, who are fortunate enough to meet a thoroughly equipped Bible teacher during the period of their higher education have frequently declared: "I never could understand the Bible till I was taught it at college, and I certainly never took the most remote interest in it. But it all seems different here. I can see it as part of my educational heritage."

Why this sudden interest and ability to comprehend? Simply because the Bible had for the first time in their experience acquired the dignity and value of an educational subject. It was seen to be ranged with other subjects of human interest, and under the laws of human intelligence. They saw that it could be taught systematically and examined critically like all other literature, and histories, and codes of law; and that it obtained and held its superiority to them, and moral authority over them by virtue of its inherent greatness, wisdom and spiritual power. It was, therefore, no longer looked upon with veiled contempt as an oddity, an exception, a pretender to rights which refused examination, or as a quarry for texts for pious talks, or mythical and impracticable chronicles of good but remote saints; but was seen to be a masterpiece in several of the greatest themes of literature, and a final authority on the most vital and noblest issues of life which affect the ethical and spiritual nature of the individual man and the civilization of the race.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Field Secretary

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Easter Faith

It matters little what the origin of the Easter festival may have been. If it was ever a pagan celebration, it is not such now. It has been transformed by Christian faith and filled with Christian joy and hope, until it stands for the confidence of the people of God in the rising of their Lord from the dead, It can be of harm only as we undertake to make this one day do duty for every other day of the year; only as we rob daily life of the full recognition of the great event in Christian history, and limit our gratitude and rejoicing to a specific season. As we make it a time for thoughtfulness, so shall we furnish the soul with that which generates genuine happiness. To realize Jesus Christ and his triumph over death is to fill the heart with an exultant faith and set it to singing hymns of thanksgiving. That this joy should express itself, that the house of God should be filled with the odor of flowers and the sound of praise, is only to permit the deep emotions of the soul to take form in outward activities.

In thousands of Christian pulpits men will stand on Easter day to declare the gospel of the Son of God. What shall be their message? Shall it be that which the first ambassadors declared, plus their own experiences of God and his Son? Or, shall it be their experiences only, leaving out the evangel declared by John and Peter and Paul? What shall they declare concerning the resurrection of Jesus Christ? That it is fact or that it is fiction? The question is neither foolish nor impertinent. It is warranted by the public declaration made by some Christian leaders, and by the vast interests that depend upon the resurrection. It is no secret that men who claim to be followers of Jesus Christ and who hold prominent places in the world of scholarship no longer believe that Jesus rose from the dead. They tell us that he still lives, but that our certainty of this fact rests not at all upon historical narratives. The certainty is "a conviction of the religious order of the world," whatever that may mean. Every man must create for himself his conviction that Jesus still lives, and that entirely apart from any testimony furnished by another. We believe, because we believe, because.

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The Christian world will not easily be persuaded to surrender its confidence in Jesus Christ as furnishing evidence of the reality of the future life. The desire for immortality is securely lodged in the human heart. It has expressed itself in all ages and among all classes of society. This desire can never be eradicated, neither can the hunger be satisfied by feeding upon itself. If one be found here or there contenting himself with the discoveries which he has made within himself, not so is it with the great mass of men. For the many there will be the listening ear for the gracious words of promise spoken by the Man of Nazareth, and an eager look towards him whom the grave could not hold. Believing in God they will also believe in his Son, and because of this belief, and not for subjective reasons, will they look forward with confidence to our Father's house.

In spite of doubt and contradiction the Christian world holds fast to Jesus Christ as made known to us in the New Testament records. It believes that the story of his life and death and resurrection are worthy of confidence. Its hope of a life to come centers in the risen Lord. On the coming Easter day it will confess its faith through the symbols of the fathers, through the songs that have come down to us from the historic past, through adoration of Him who for our sakes died and rose again. The air will be fragrant with Easter lilies, the hearts of the believing will thrill with hope, while in great cathedral and lowly chapel will be heard the sublime confession, "Christ the Lord is ris'n today, Alleluia!"—*Editorial, Baptist Standard.*

THE STUDY TABLE

*Life of Goethe

Another life of Goethe revives the world's debt to a man whose service to human life and to letters is incalculable. As one who increased learning, who presciently seized the truth of Nature's unity and opened his mind to the ways of evolution, yet, who knew his mission was poetry to reveal what is in man's turbulent, aspiring soul, Goethe levies tribute on cultured admiration and human interest world without end.

That his biographer spent more than ten years on this great work goes not beyond the value of the task. He took for his motto Goethe's words to Heinrich Meyer, "All the pragmotic characterizations of biographers are of little value compared with the naive details of a great life."

It is the human completeness and versatility in Goethe which amazed and overjoyed his contemporaries. The author's valuation of this prince of German writers is drawn to the life. It illumines for us the human subject when told of him, "It may be said that half of Goethe's life was gone before he succeeded in adjusting an equilibrium between his body and spirit and establishing a just balance among his various mental faculties."

We are interested in Goethe as a man and for a man's products; hence it is of prime interest to know in his case, as in John Ruskin's and many another producer of world-literature, what were the early religious sources of feeding the child's mind.

"Religious instruction seems to have been limited in his earlier years to the reading of the Bible, and we may assume it was his mother who guided his study of the sacred book. The circumstance that he grew up in a sincerely religious family, where the Bible was the mother's favorite book, seems to the more profound student to have been foreordained, like everything else in Goethe's life, for the special purpose of preparing his mind for the highest development. For what could all the literature that fell into the boy's hands signify when compared with the Bible, to which, he himself says, he owed almost all his moral education. It appeared to him under the most widely differing forms, and as book of law, as epic, as idyll, as hymn, as love song, awoke in him a response to every cord. Amid the Oriental scenes, peopled with a simple shepherd folk, his restless, roving spirit found peace and happiness. Thus the boy was drawn to nature and simplicity by the Bible long before Rousseau and Winckelmann had influenced his intellectual life."

The following verses from Faust are but the crystalization of youthful memories:

"Once Heavenly Love sent down a burning kiss
Upon my brow, in Sabbath silence holy;
And filled with mystic presage, chimed the church-bell slowly,
And prayer dissolved me in a fervent bliss.
A sweet, uncomprehended yearning
Drove forth my feet through woods and meadows free,
And while a thousand tears were burning
I felt a world arise for me."

As Bielschowsky sketches the historical pictures of Goethe's early period at Frankfort, at Leipsig, at Strasburg, and finally his public service at the Weimar court of Duke Karl August, the figure of Goethe is easily recognized as the central, controlling personality among the mighty as among "the Muses." Dip where one may into the pages of this *first* volume, which carries the reader through Goethe's two years' residence in Italy, where he attained his being's poise and a sense of "wholeness," it is like taking a cup from the Spring of Life. The consciousness of the individual is here regnant and the soul is altogether worthy of concentration on its own humours, ex-

*By Albert Bielschowsky, Ph. D. Vol. I. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1905. $3.50 net.

periences, taking itself seriously or joyously, as though there were no social problem or individual world. It is refreshing to live in literature with a man, who to his friends no less than to himself, constituted a problem and an achievement of worth.

In Rome he was able to round out his life and expand. His world-spirit found for the first time in the world-capital a congenial atmosphere and environment. "I have long wished for such an element, that I, too, might swim and not always wade." "I feel the healthfulness of my nature and how it is growing; my feet get sore only when in tight shoes; and I see nothing when I am placed before a wall." So his letters to friends in Germany sparkle with the new light come into his life under other skies.

The remaining two volumes of this Life of Goethe will be awaited with eagerness.

QUINCY L. DOWD.
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Notes

From A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, I have a remarkable volume discussing immortality in the light of modern science. His conclusions are that there are evidences of future life found both in science and tradition. The existence of an immaterial element in man is no more a matter of hypothesis than is the existence of ether. He bases all his arguments on the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. The book is exceedingly interesting, and will lead a great many readers away from that coarse materialism which has gained a good deal of power everywhere. We agree with him that there is a meaning in this life that cannot be summed up in a mere preliminary existence—for nothing else can be said of the moral and intellectual evolution of our present selves except that they indicate a mere forecast, an introduction to real existence.

It is not too late and you can hardly do better than give a boy a subscription for "Bird-Lore" for 1906. The Christmas number contains thirteen colored figures of birds, beside photographs of wild birds in their haunts. The annual report of the National Association of Audubon Societies, published in this number, shows the organization to be in a flourishing condition and accomplishing a truly great economic, humane and educational work. Thirty-five States have now adopted the "model" bird law recommended by the Audubon Societies, and thirty-five States now have branch or State societies. A large number of wardens are employed, and the prospects for the extension of the societies' influence are most encouraging.

"Captains All" is another book that I am sorry to say lacks the elements which its title promises. It is coarse, if not vulgar, and may just as well be let alone. The market is full of better books. Those who are interested in preventing the passage of a subsidy bill by the present Congress will find an excellent article on the subject in the January number of *Political Science Quarterly*. This rascally job, begotten by Mark Hanna, has been killed apparently three or four times. It is a gigantic fraud—far more widespreading in its influence than the insurance frauds.

The most hopeful feature of the past year in the output of books is the decrease in juvenility. There is much less twaddle published for young folks. The boys and girls should read what we read and we should read what they do. There is room for a very judicious and well-read publisher who will give us a young people's library of standard stuff, not condensed or abbreviated but genuine literature, such as Rasselas, the best of Scott, Dickens, McDonald, John Fiske, etc. Young people should not be fed thin soups nor watered milk—nor Sunday-school religion.

E. P. POWELL.

What Life Means to Me

I have had a happy life, and there is not much of it I would change if I could live it over again. I think I was born under happy stars, with a keen sense of wonder, which has never left me, and which only becomes jaded a little now and then, and with no exaggerated notion of my own deserts. I have shared the common lot and have found it good enough for me. Unlucky is the man who is born with great expectations and who finds nothing in life quite up to their mark.

One of the best things a man can bring into the world with him is natural humility of spirit. About the next best thing he can bring, and they usually go together, is an appreciative spirit—a loving and susceptible heart. If he is going to be a reformer and stir up things, and slay the dragons, he needs other qualities more. But if he is going to get the most out of life in a worthy way, if he is going to enjoy the grand spectacle of the world from first to last, then he needs his life pitched in a low key and well attuned to common universal things. The strained, the loud, the farfetched, the extravagant, the frenzied—how lucky we are to escape them, and to be born with dispositions that cause us to flee from them!

I would gladly chant a pæan for the world as I find it. What a mighty, interesting place to live in! If I had my life to live over again, and had my choice of celestial abodes, I am sure I should take this planet and I should choose these men and women for my friends and companions. This great rolling sphere with its sky, its stars, its sunrises and sunsets, and with its outlook into infinity—what could be more desirable? What more satisfying? Garlanded by the seasons, embosomed in sidereal influences, thrilling with life, with a heart of fire and a garment of azure seas, and fruitful continents—one might ransack the heavens in vain for a better or a more picturesque abode. As Emerson says, it is "well worth the heart and pith of great men to subdue and enjoy it."

Oh, to share the great, sunny, joyous life of the earth! to be as happy as the birds are! as contented as the cattle on the hills! as the leaves of the trees that dance and rustle in the wind! as the waters that murmur and sparkle to the sea! To be able to see that the sin and sorrow and suffering of the world are a necessary part of the natural course of things, a phase of the law of growth and development that runs through the universe, bitter in its personal application, but illuminating when we look upon life as a whole! Without death and decay how could life go on? Without what we call sin (which is another name for imperfection) and the struggle consequent upon it, how could our development proceed? I know the waste, the delay, the suffering in the history of the race are appalling, but they only repeat the waste, the delay, the conflict through which the earth itself has gone and is still going and which finally issues in peace and tranquility. Look at the grass, the flowers, the sweet serenity and repose of the fields—at what a price it

has all been bought, of what a warring of the elements, of what overturnings, and pulverizings and shiftings of land and sea, and slow grindings of the mills of the gods of the fore-world it is all the outcome!

The agony of Russia at the present time, the fire and sword, the snapping of social and political ties, the chaos and destruction that seem imminent—what is it but a geologic upheaval, the price that must be paid for law and order on a permanent basis? We deplore the waste and the sufferings, but these things never can be eliminated from the processes of evolution. As individuals we can mitigate them; as races and nations we have to endure them. Waste, pain, delay—the gods smile at these things; so that the game goes on, that is enough. How many thousand centuries of darkness and horror lie between the man of today and the low animal ancestor from which he sprang! Who can picture the sufferings and the defeats! But here we are and all that terrible past is forgotten, is, as it were, the soil under our feet.

Our fathers were cheered and sustained by a faith in special providences—that there was a supreme power that specially interested itself in man and his doings, and that had throughout the course of history turned the adverse currents in his favor. It is certain that all things have worked together for the final good of the race as a whole, otherwise it would have disappeared from the face of the earth. But Providence does things by wholesale. It is like the rain that falls upon the sea and the land alike, upon the just and the unjust, where it is needed and where it is not needed just the same; and the evolution of the life of the globe, including the life of man, has gone on and still goes on, because, in the conflict of forces, the influences that favored life and forwarded it, have in the end triumphed. Providence is on our side, not by interfering here and there, and changing the natural course of events, such as the reversal or the suspension of the law of gravity, of fire or flood, or the breaking at any point of the chain of causation that binds all things together, but through the constitution of the universe, and our relations to it. The credit side of the account is finally in our favor. The credit side of the account with Russia will finally be in its favor, just as it has been with America, England, France, Germany.

As individuals we suffer defeat, injustice, pain, sorrow, premature death; multitudes perish to fertilize the soil that is to grow the bread of other multitudes; thousands but make a bridge of their dead bodies over which other thousands are to pass safely to some land of promise. The feeble, the idiotic, the deformed, seem to suffer injustice at the hands of their maker; there is no redress, no court of appeal for them; the verdict of natural law cannot be reversed. When the current of life shrinks in its channel there are causes for it and if these causes ceased to operate, the universe would go to pieces; but the individual whose measure, by reason of these causes, is only half full, pays the price of the sins or the shortcomings of others; his misfortune but vindicates the law upon which our lives are all strung as beads upon a thread.

In an orchard of apple trees some of the fruit is wormy, some scabbed, some dwarfed, from one cause and another; but Nature approves of the worm and the fungus that makes the scab and of the aphid that makes the dwarf, just as sincerely as she approves of the perfect fruit. She holds the stakes of both sides; she wins, whoever loses. An insect stings a leaf or a stem, and instantly all the forces and fluids that were building the leaf turn to building a home for the young of the insect, the leaf is forgotten, and only the needs of the insect remembered, and we thus have the oak gall and the hickory gall and other life abnormalities. The cancer that is slowly eating a man up—it, too, is the result of a vital process just as much as is the life it is destroying. Contagion, infection, pestilence, illustrate the laws of life. One thing devours or destroys another, the parasite destroys its host, the rust destroys the wheat or the oats, the vermin destroy the poultry, and so forth; still the game of life goes on and the best wins, if not today, then tomorrow, or in ten thousand years. In the meantime, struggle, pain, defeat, death, come in; we suffer, we sorrow, we appeal to the gods. But the gods smile and keep aloof, and the world goes blundering on because there are no other conditions of progress. Evil follows good as its shadow; it is inseparable from the constitution of things. It shades the picture, it affords the contrast, it gives the impetus. The good, the better, the best—these are defined to us and made to entice us by their opposites. We never fully attain them because our standards rise as we rise; what satisfied us yesterday will not satisfy us today. Peace, satisfaction, true repose, come only through effort, and then not for long. I love to recall Whitman's words, and to think how true they are both for nations and for individuals:

"Now understand me well—it is provided in the essence of things, that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary."

I have drifted into deeper waters than I intended to when I set out. I meant to have kept nearer the shore. I have had, I say, a happy life. When I was a young man (twenty-five) I wrote a little poem called "Waiting," which has had quite a history, and the burden of which is, "my own shall come to me." What my constitution demands, the friends, the helps, the fulfillments, the opportunities, I shall find somewhere, sometime. It was a statement of the old doctrine of the elective affinities. Those who are born to strife and contention find strife and contention ready at their hand; those who are born for gentleness and love find gentleness and love drawn to them. The naturally suspicious and distrustful find the world in conspiracy against them; the unkind, the hard-hearted see themselves in their fellows about them. The tone in which we speak to the world the world speaks to us. Give your best and you will get the best in return. Give in heaping measure and in heaping measure it shall be returned. We all get our due sooner or later, in one form or another. "Be not weary in well doing"; the reward will surely come, if not in worldly goods, then in inward satisfaction, grace of spirit, peace of mind.

All the best things of my life have come to me unsought, but I hope not unearned. That would contradict the principle of equity I have been illustrating. A man does not, in the long run, get wages he has not earned. What I mean is that most of the good things of my life—friends, travel, opportunity—have been unexpected. I do not feel that fortune has driven sharp bargains with me. I am not a disappointed man. Blessed is he who expects little, but works as if he expected much. Sufficient unto the day is the *good* thereof. I have invested myself in the present moment, in the things near at hand, in the things that all may have on equal terms. If one sets one's heart on the exceptional, the far-off—on riches, on fame, on power—the chances are he will be disappointed; he will waste his time seeking a short cut to these things.

There is no short cut. For anything worth having one must pay the price, and the price is always work, patience, love, self-sacrifice—no paper currency, no promises to pay, but the gold of real service.

I am not decrying ambition, the aiming high, only there is no use aiming unless you are loaded, and it is the loading, and the kind of material to be used, that one is first to be solicitous about.

"Serene I fold my hands and wait"; but if I have waited one day, I have hustled the next. If I have had faith that my own would come to me, I have tried to make sure that it was my own, and not that of another. Waiting with me has been mainly a cheerful acquiescence in the order of the universe as I found it—a faith in the essential veracity of things. I have waited for the sun to rise and for the seasons to come; I have waited for a chance to put in my oar. Which way do the currents of my being set? What do I love that is worthy and of good report? I will extend myself in this direction; I will annex this territory. I will not wait to see if this or that pays, if this or that notion draws the multitude. I will wait only till I can see my way clearly. In the meantime I will be clearing my eyes and training them to know the real values of life when they see them.

Waiting for some one else to do your work, for what you have not earned to come to you, is to murder time. Waiting for something to turn up is equally poor policy, unless you have already set the currents going that will cause a particular something to turn up. The farmer waits for his harvest after he has sown it. The sailor waits for a breeze after he has spread his sail. Much of life is taken up in waiting—fruitful waiting.

I have never sought wealth, I have been too much absorbed in enjoying the world about me. I had no talent for business anyhow—for the cutthroat competition that modern business for the most part is—and probably could not have attained wealth had I desired it. I dare not aver that I had really rather be cheated than to cheat, but I am quite sure I could never knowingly overreach a man, and what chance of success could such a tenderfoot have in the conscienceless struggle for money that goes on in the business world? I am a fairly successful farmer and fruit grower. I love the soil, I love to see the crops grow and mature, but the marketing of them, the turning of them into money, grinds my soul because of the sense of strife and competition that pervades the air of the market place. If one could afford to give one's fruit away, after he had grown it to perfection, to people who would be sure to appreciate it, that would be worth while and would leave no wounds. But that is what I have in a sense done with my intellectual products. I have not written one book for money (yes, one, and that was a failure); I have written them for love, and the modest sum they have brought me has left no sting.

I look upon this craze for wealth that possesses nearly all classes in our time as one of the most lamentable spectacles the world has ever seen. The old prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," is the only sane one. The grand mistake we make is in supposing that because a little money is a good thing, unlimited means is the sum of all good, or that our happiness will keep pace with the increase of our possessions. But such is not the case, because the number of things we can really make our own is limited. We cannot drink the ocean be we ever so thirsty. A cup of water from the spring is all we need. A friend of mine once said that if he outlived his wife he should put upon her tombstone, "Died of Things"—killed by the multitude of her possessions. The number of people who are thus killed is no doubt very great. When Thoreau found that the specimens and curiosities that had accumulated upon his mantle-piece needed dusting, he pitched them out of the window.

The massing of a great fortune is a perilous enterprise. The giving away of a great fortune is equally a perilous enterprise, not to the man who gives it—it ought to be salutary to him—but to his beneficiaries.

Very many of the great fortunes of our time have been accumulated by a process like that of turning all the streams into your private reservoir; they have caused a great many people somewhere to be short of water and have taken away the power of many busy, peaceful wheels. The ideal condition is an even distribution of wealth. When you try to give away your monstrous fortune, to open your dam, then danger begins, because you cannot return the waters to their natural channels. You must make new channels and you may do more harm than good. It never can go now where it would have gone. The wealth is in a measure redistributed, without enriching those from whom it originally came.

Beyond the point of a moderate competency, wealth is a burden. A man may possess a competency; great wealth possesses him. He is the victim. It fills him with unrest; it destroys or perverts his natural relations to his fellows; it corrupts his simplicity, it thrusts the false values of life before him; it gives him power which it is dangerous to exercise; it leads to self-indulgence; it hardens the heart; it fosters a false pride; to give it away is perilous; to keep it is to invite care and vexation of spirit. For a rich man to lead the simple life is about as hard as for a camel to go through the needle's eye. How many things stand between him and the simple open air of our common humanity! Marcus Aurelius thought a man might be happy even in a palace; but it takes a Marcus Aurelius —a man whose simplicity of character is incorruptible —to be so. Yet I have no disposition to rail at wealth as such, though the penalties and dangers that attend it are very obvious. I never expect to see it go out of fashion. Its unequal distribution in all times, no doubt, results from natural causes.

Sooner or later things find their proper level, and the proper level of some things is on top. In the jostle and strife of this world the strong men, the master minds, are bound to be on top. This is inevitable; the very laws of matter are on their side.

Not socialism, or any other "ism," can permanently equalize the fortunes of men. The strong will dominate, the weak must succumb. "To him that hath shall be given, from him that hath not shall be taken away that which he hath." Power draws power; inefficiency loses even that which it hath. To abolish poverty, to abolish wealth, we must first abolish the natural inequality among mankind. It is as if some men had longer arms than others and could reach the fruit on the tree of opportunity beyond the grasp of their competitors. Shall we cut off their arms? No, we can only shame them out of making hogs of themselves and of laying up greater stores than they can possibly use. In our day and country the golden fruit on the tree has been so abundant that the long-armed men have degenerated into wealth maniacs and have resorted to all manner of unfair means; they have trampled down the shorter-armed men and gained an advantage on their prostrate bodies. That is where the injustice comes in. Some of our monstrous trusts and combines, for instance, have killed competition by

foul and underhanded means; they have crowded or thrust their competitors entirely away from the tree, or else have mounted up on their shoulders. They have resorted to the methods of the robber and assassin.

I am bound to praise the simple life, because I have lived it and found it good. When I depart from it evil results follow. I love a small house, plain clothes, simple living. Many persons know the luxury of a skin bath—a plunge in the pool or the wave unhampered by clothing. That is the simple life—direct and immediate contact with things, life with the false wrappings torn away—the fine house, the fine equipage, the expensive habits, all cut off. How free one feels, how good the elements taste, how close one gets to them, how they fit one's body and one's soul! To see the fire that warms you, or, better yet, to cut the wood that feeds the fire that warms you; to see the spring where the water bubbles up that slakes your thirst, and to dip your pail into it; to see the beams that are the stay of your four walls, and the timbers that uphold the roof that shelters you; to be in direct and personal contact with the sources of your material life; to want no extras, no shields; to find the universal elements enough; to find the air and the water exhilarating; to be refreshed by a morning walk, or an evening saunter; to find a quest of wild berries more satisfying than a gift of tropic fruit; to be thrilled by the stars at night; to be elated over a bird's nest, or over a wild flower in spring—these are some of the rewards of the simple life.—*John Burroughs in The April Cosmopolitan.*

Charity

(*Founded on the French of M. Haraucourt.*)

Because so bitter was the rain,
Saint Martin slashed his cloak in twain,
And gave the beggar half of it,
To shelter him and ease his pain.

But, being now himself ill clad,
The Saint's own case no less was sad,
So piteously cold the night;
Though glad at heart he was, right glad.

Thus, singing on his way he passed,
While Satan, grim and overcast,
Vowing the Saint should rue his gift,
Released the cruel northern blast.

Away it sprang with shriek and roar,
And buffeted the Saint full sore;
Yet ne'er repented he a whit,
And Satan bade the deluge pour.

Huge hailstones fell in fierce attack,
And dealt Saint Martin many a thwack,
"My poor old head!" he, smiling, said,
Yet never wished his mantle back.

"He must, he shall," cried Satan, "know
Regret for such an act," and lo!
E'en as he spake the world was dark
With fog and frost and whirling snow.

Saint Martin, struggling toward his goal,
Mused thoughtfully: "Poor soul! poor soul!
What use to him was half a cloak?—
I should have given him the whole."

The cold grew terrible to bear,
The birds fell frozen in the air;
"Fall thou," said Satan, "on the ice,
Fall thou asleep, and perish there."

He fell, and slept, despite the storm,
And dreamed he saw the Christ-Child's form
Wrapped in the half the beggar took,
And seeing Him, was warm—so warm.

—*E. V. Lucas, in the Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The Pan-American Conference.

The program of subjects to be considered at Rio de Janeiro in July was adopted last week by the Bureau of American Republics. Secretary of State Elihu Root was chairman of the program committee, which included the highest diplomatic representatives from Argentina, Brazil, Chili, Costa Rica, Mexico and Cuba. Perhaps the two most important world questions to be considered are a resolution favoring arbitration for the settlement of international disputes and a request that the forthcoming peace conference at The Hague consider the extent to which the use of force is permissible in collection of debts of public character. Several other important questions are to be considered, including that of the reorganization of Bureau of American Republics and the adoption of uniform laws, public and private, and the international regulation and coördination of customs and consular laws, copyright, patents, sanitary, police and quarantine, etc. This meeting will be the precursor and fitting prelude of The Hague conference, which was also called for July, but will be delayed until fall.

Maxim Gorky Honored and Shunned.

A striking illustration of the trend and power of public sentiment is found in the treatment of the Russian novelist Maxim Gorky, who recently won fame as a leader of the Revolutionists in St. Petersburg. Upon arriving in New York the famous Russian was received with great honor and public acclaim, but when the news was circulated that the "Mme. Gorky" who accompanied him and was introduced as his wife, is really a noted actress of St. Petersburg, Mme. Andreieva, there was a swift change in sentiment. The manager of Hotel Belleclaire requested the immediate departure of the couple and other hotels are reported closed against them. Society teas had been plannned but were hastily canceled. The commissioner of immigration stated that if Maxim Gorky had declared a woman his wife who was not his wife, both were liable to deportation. Friends of the Russian admit that he has a wife living, but that it is a custom among Russian peasants to put away a wife without a divorce and take another, and that this action is considered respectable. This looks to the man on the Watch Tower a good deal like the old fable, "the king can do no wrong." A cut-throat may appear "respectable" among a band of villains, but we are glad to believe the moral laws are still in force in America. If Maxim Gorky chooses to make himself a judge of his own conduct he may be able to escape punishment in Russia, but Messrs. H. Gaylord Wilshire and J. Phelps Stokes will not be able to justify a defiance of human and divine law in America today.

The Law Vindicated.

The most sensational embezzlement case in our national history was concluded last week in Savannah, Ga., when John F. Gaynor and Benj. D. Greene, millionaire contractors, who were said to have defrauded the government out of over $2,000,000, were adjudged guilty of all three counts in the federal indictment and will go to the penitentiary. The fight put up by the defendants is said to have cost them at least $500,000 in lawyers' fees and is without a parallel in American legal annals. The result tends to strengthen our faith in the courts of the country and helps us to believe that after all justice will triumph in spite of schemes and bribes and all the charges of graft and greed. These men would gladly exchange their millions for an acquittal by the court—but no one is able to sell to them! Still we are growing!

Elections in Russia.

Victories by the Constitutional Democrats in Russia, reported last week, are even greater than then appeared. In most of the fifty-one provinces in European Russia members of the new national parliament have been elected, and the Constitutionalists have won an overwhelming victory. Of the 179 members elected only five are Reactionaries. The only disgraceful feature of the election yet reported was an act of the government itself in St. Petersburg. Two men elected by the Radicals, Mr. Milinkov and Mr. Hessew, were declared ineligible, because under indictment in connection with the suspension of a newspaper which they edited. The election commission had made no protest against these men before the balloting, but afterward annulled their election and replaced them by two conservative candidates who had received scarcely one-tenth of the vote cast for those unseated. This action will only spur the Radicals to greater zeal and it seems probable a constitution will be forced from the Czar.

Democracy in Finland.

The new election law has now been completed in Finland, providing for a diet of 200 deputies, elected for three years. Suffrage is granted to all citizens, male and female, who are 24 years old. The first Diet meets February 1, 1907, and the annual sessions last for ninety days. This body will elect its own president and vice presidents and while limited in its authority under the rule of the Emperor, is yet granted manifest liberties and constitutional prerogatives. Apparently Finland has taken a great stride toward the full enjoyment of its ancient liberties.

Vesuvius in Eruption.

Not in two centuries has the famous volcano on the Bay of Naples poured forth such volumes of lava, smoke and ashes and hot cinders and stones. Several villages have been destroyed, quite a number of lives have been lost and hundreds of people have only escaped with their lives. At one time it seemed as if the "Last Days of Pompeii" had come again and it is true that many of the ancient ruins have been buried by the enormous fall of ashes—which was so great that all railroads were abandoned and many wagon roads became impassable. At last accounts the crisis seemed to have passed and the eruptions were subsiding. It is a curious fact, though perhaps accounted for, that volcanic activity in one locality is often attended by similar disturbances elsewhere—as if the inner caldron was too full and escape must be had wherever an opening could be forced. Mount Rainier (or Tacoma) is said to be showing signs of life, emitting both smoke and cinders, and there are various volcanoes elsewhere that are waking from long slumber.

Boston Traction Case Settled.

What is deservedly called a great municipal victory is now being celebrated in Boston. A great corporation, backed by powerful financial interests and supported by influential newspapers and politicians, has at last been defeated by a small coterie of public spirited citizens, who refused to sell the subway or grant a 50-year franchise of traction lines to any private company. For three years the contest waged, but at last public interest and not private monopoly has won out. The story is too long for record here, but it is worthy of study as an example and a challenge to other cities and communities.

Stomach Not Necessary.

A further demonstration of the theory that a stomach is a needless luxury was furnished in Seney Hospital, Brooklyn, last week. A Mr. Gale, who had suffered for ten years, was at last operated on and more than half of his stomach removed. The operation was a success and the patient is rapidly recovering. Presumably his appetites will be greatly reduced and much inconvenience avoided. It might be wise to secure the services of a good surgeon in reforming drunkards and criminals.

The Capitalist and the Doctors.

A unique phase of the telephone war is found in Webster City, Iowa. Last week Capitalist E. H. Martin, chief owner of the local telephone system, raised the price of all physicians' phones to regular commercial rate, which is higher than the residence rate. The physicians rebelled and their association took action. As a result all physicians' telephones were removed and Mr. Martin has advertised for young physicians to come to Webster City, proposing to cut rates for medical service. So the war is on and the end is not yet.

Chicago Health Board Criticised.

The report of the Chicago Health Department, filed by Commissioner Whalen and formally investigated by seven Chicago physicians of repute, who approve the records, is sharply ridiculed by Dr. John S. Fulton, secretary Maryland State Board of Health and one of the most prominent of American Hygienic experts. The vital statistics in the reports are characterized by Dr. Fulton as "atrocious nonsense" and he asks if the published death rates actually represent the complete records of the department. Some very embarrassing questions are asked that give pith and point to the criticism offered, and it seems apparent that Dr. Fulton is not without excuse for his very plain intimation that the full truth has not been told.

Voliva and Capitalist Dowie.

Although no settlement has yet been made between John Alexander Dowie and his former victims, the crux of the problem is a question of how much he can get of the property he held in his name. Apparently there is no more question of religious offices or prophetic and priestly ministrations. Faith in the "prophet" and the faith of the prophet are alike dispelled, but the deposed leader in high finance is fighting desperately to reclaim as much as possible of his wealth, which he estimated at twenty millions in Zion alone. The only serious feature of the whole matter is that he claimed to be a chosen apostle of God and many people actually were helped physically through mental forces, and spiritually, but now those people are likely to lose faith in all men and all religion. This is the danger and the crime of the quack preacher and revivalist. There is some question what will be the religious future of Zion under its new leadership.

Niagara Falls to Be Preserved.

If the bill just introduced into Congress is enacted into a law the grandeur and inspiring beauty of famous Niagara will not be all bartered for a few shekels or to enrich the pockets of the power companies. Recent attempts to check the rapacity of commercial zealots made by New York state, have only served to emphasize the danger that graft and greed would not only appropriate the immense resources of Niagara without making any adequate return, but that also the scenic wonder of this continent would be ruthlessly pawned for a few dollars. The investigations of the President and his national commission will undoubtedly result in some legislation. The Chicago drainage canal is a public interest that will be affected. The Illinois state law would permit the use of 10,000 cubic feet of water per second. At present only 5,000 feet of water is being used, but contemplated improvements are likely to increase the quantity of water needed to about 14,000 feet. The proposed law in Congress would limit the drainage canal to the use of 10,000 feet of water.

The State Primary Law.

The Supreme Court having held the new primary law unconstitutional, chiefly because of special concessions given to Chicago districts, the two older parties have issued calls for party primaries to be held under the old law the end of this month, to nominate candidates for the circuit and supreme courts. The cost to Cook county for these primaries will be about $50,000, or two and a half times the combined annual salaries of the two positions. Meantime the governor has called a special session of the legislature to enact a new primary law. C. A. O.

The Three Traction Questions.

Various considerations are raised as the result of the vote upon the traction situation. The vote showed a majority for the three propositions, first as to municipal operation, second as to municipal ownership authorizing the issue of the Mueller certificates to the amount of seventy-five millions of dollars, third against granting franchises to private corporations. The first required a three-fifths vote to be legal and therefore its ten thousand real majority does not carry, but as an indication of the mind of the people it is significant. On the other hand, the fact that the majority in favor of the above propositions is cut tremendously from 93,000 a year ago to about 3,000 at the recent election is also significant. Those who advocate municipal ownership and operation are right when they say this does not mean that the people of Chicago do not desire municipal ownership and operation, but that it simply means that large numbers of the people think that under present government and conditions Chicago is not ripe for them; that it would be better to grant franchises for ten or twenty years, continue to improve the government, institute civil service and gradually acquire control. What is of the largest significance is that 200,000 voters had voted intelligently and independently upon these important questions. This is the best possible argument in favor of the capacity of the people to care for its own affairs and the safety of popular government. The fact that many refrained from voting indicates that the issue was still foggy to them.

Future Action Uncertain.

The future of the traction problem is not clear. As the vote on the granting of franchises is advisory and not compulsory, the aldermen have the power to grant short franchises, though they have not the votes to carry such a bill over the mayor's veto, which is sure to follow. As the bill for the Mueller certificates was improperly framed and their validity is seriously questioned, also recent court decisions seem to indicate that the vote is illegal, because it is held that the legislature must grant a second permit to allow the question to be submitted to the people, and as the aldermen must vote to allow the issue of these certificates, and as many of the aldermen were elected from wards which repudiated the issue of the same, it would seem that immediate ownership has small chance of becoming a fact. Mayor Dunne is sanguine and evidently will do all in his power to acquire the roads and put them under municipal control according to the popular vote and the decision of the supreme court in the ninety-nine year franchise. In either event the traction companies can be compelled to give better service and there is no necessity for the continuance of the present conditions. E. P. T.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Every hand of your life is a debt; the right lies in the payment of that debt; it can lie nowhere else.

MON.—We are all of us made more graceful by the inward presence of what we believe to be a generous purpose; our actions move to a hidden music—"a melody that's sweetly played in tune."

TUES.—To be right in great memorable moments, is perhaps the thing we need most desire for ourselves.

WED.—I hold it blasphemy to say that a man ought not to fight against authority; there is no great religion and no great freedom that has not done it, in the beginning.

THURS.—Certainly the mistakes that we male and female mortals make when we have our own way might fairly raise some wonder that we are so fond of it.

FRI.—The right word is always a power, and communicates its definiteness to our action.

SAT.—The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another.

—*George Eliot.*

The Tour of the Gardens

(These selections are from "The Little White Bird," by J. M. Barrie. The book relates the experiences and fancies of a small boy and a man who sees things from exactly the same point as a child sees them.)

The Gardens are a tremendous big place, with millions and hundreds of trees, and first you come to the Figs, but you scorn to loiter there, for the Figs is the resort of superior little persons, who are forbidden to mix with the commonalty, and is so named, according to legend, because they dress in full figs. These dainty ones are themselves contemptuously called Figs by David and other heroes.

Occasionally a rebel Fig climbs over the fence into the world, and such a one was Miss Mabel Grey, of whom I shall tell you when we come to Miss Mabel Grey's gate. She was the only really celebrated Fig.

In the Broad Walk you meet all the people who are worth knowing, and there is usually a grown-up with them to prevent their going on the damp grass, and to make them stand disgraced at the corner of a seat if they have been mad-dog or Mary-Annish. To be Mary-Annish is to behave like a girl, whimpering because nurse won't carry you, or simpering with your thumb in your mouth, and it is a hateful quality, but to be mad-dog is to kick out at everything, and there is some satisfaction in that.

If I were to point out all the notable places as we pass up the Broad Walk, it would be time to turn back before we reached them, and I simply wave my stick at Cecco's Tree, that memorable spot where a boy called Cecco lost his penny, and, looking for it, found two pence. There has been a great deal of excavation going on there ever since.

Next we come to the Hump, which is the park of the Broad Walk where all the big races are run, and even though you had no intention of running you do run when you come to the Hump, it is such a fascinating, slide-down kind of place.

From the Hump we can see the gate that is called after Miss Mabel Grey, the Fig I promised to tell you about. There were always two nurses with her, or else one mother and one nurse, and for a long time she was a pattern-child, who always coughed off the table and said "How do you do?" to the other Figs, and the only game she played at was flinging a ball gracefully and letting the nurse bring it back to her. Then one day she tired of it all, and went mad-dog, and, first, to show that she really was mad-dog, she unloosened both her boot-laces and put out her tongue east, west, north and south. She then flung her sash into a puddle and danced on it till dirty water was squirted over her frock, after which she climbed the fence and had a series of incredible adventures, one of the least of which was that she kicked off both her boots.

At last she came to the gate that is now called after her, out of which she ran into streets David and I have never been in, though we have heard them roaring, and still she ran on and would never again have been heard of had not her mother jumped into a bus and thus overtaken her.

Returning up the Broad Walk we have on our right the Baby Walk, which is so full of perambulators that you could cross from side to side stepping on babies, but the nurses won't let you.

I shall pass on hurriedly to the Round Pond, which is the wheel that keeps all the Gardens going. It is round because it is in the very middle of the Gardens, and when you are come to it you never want to go any farther. You can't be good all the time at the Round Pond, however much you try. You can be good in the Broad Walk all the time, but not at the Round Pond, and the reason is that you forget, and, when you remember, you are so wet that you may as well be wetter.

A Song of Sunrise

At Sunset: Addressed to Early Friends—Mothers and Teachers of Long Service.

I.

Now who is afraid to follow at night
  In a boat with never a spar,
Out over the sea to the headlands bright
  That are crowned with the morning star?
There the flowers out-number a million-fold
  The buds we gathered long time ago,
When we walked on silver and cloth of gold.
Oh, the buttercups and moneyworts bold!—
    We laughed to see them grow.
Alas! the blossoms were ill to hold!—
  The wind of the North did blow and blow,
    That peace of the world to mar.
  Our eyes were blurred with the falling snow,
As we peered across where the billows rolled
  By the ice-bergs lurching to and fro,
    With many a grinding jar.

II.

But hark to the deep-sea murmurs now;
  No hurricane whirls his car;
Light waves run smoothly under the prow,—
  No battle-ships bicker, and gnarr!
No dead, cast out come drifting nigh,
  No drowning mariners call and pray;
To the wrath of the world we die—we die!
We hear the glad wharf-people cry:
    "You cannot go astray;"
And ever the undertow runs by
  To carry your worn-out robes away,
    You have brought so far—so far!
  Come clothed as the lilies in rich array;
Uncage your griefs—through a saffron sky
  As larks they soar with the soaring day—
    They sing where the singers are!

III.

"Oh, the salt, salt floods they are toiling through
  Whose sins were black as tar!
But the river of life runs clear for you
  Whose flames did nothing char
But the stinging nettle and poisoning weed:—
  Who gathered the children about your knees
And tenderly bade them all take heed
To steal no nests where the shy birds breed;
    To rob no neighbor's trees;
To make no innocent creature bleed;
  To harvest the honey nor starve the bees;—
    And never a soul debar
  From merrily sowing the world's good seed.
You poured your wine—tossed out your lees,
  And the Lord will give to you all you need,
    As each were His best-loved star!"

AMANDA T. JONES.

NOTE: The above poem is from "Poems—1854-1906," the forthcoming volume of the completed works of Miss Jones, and is published in UNITY with her permission.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Chicago—All Souls Church.—For the twenty-third time on Easter morning All Souls Church placed its Annual in the hands of its friends and members. The present one is an enlarged pamphlet of 111 pages, setting forth the work of the year, the record of the installation and transition. The Easter card this year is the reproduction of Alfred Rethel's "Death as a Friend," and Mr. Gannett's poem based on the same, with other explanatory matter. This card was published without the local marks for the benefit of those who might like to possess these art and literary treasures for their own sake. At the Easter service a Confirmation Class of fourteen was presented to the church, the nineteenth in continuous succession, and there were christenings and additions to the church. On Sunday evening the good practice was continued of reading Browning's "Saul" entire with accompaniments of organ and piano.

The Bible Not a Text Book

The theology of the church, or Christian thinking, can be made reasonable, and should be made so by reversing these processes through which it has become unreasonable. The Bible is supreme in its place as the story of how God progressively came into the consciousness of men, and as the unveiling in human experience of the moral nature of God. Jesus Christ is its apex, its key. It is misused when made a text book on science or history. The conceptions of the universe, and the literary methods of any given time were used because the writers had no other vehicles. Science and history must be learned from their own realms. Sane methods of interpreting the Bible must prevail. This will not only put it in its true place in many minds that now reject its authority, but will also cut away all ground from many absurd and grotesque religious movements and ideas that now find credence. The growth of the revelation in the Bible must be admitted, and men's gradually increasing apprehension of God confessed. The essential truths must be disentangled from their intellectual vehicles, and retranslated into the terms of our times. All unveilings of God, those in the physical universe which we call science, those in human history, those in the constitution of man, his image, as discovered in psychology, those in the Bible, and in the personality of Jesus Christ, must all, without exception, be gladly received and coördinated. No ray of light can be despised.

God never uses ignorance or untruths to bring men into fellowship with himself. He spurns no truth, no matter in what realm it is found, as a means to lift up men to himself. He is the unity of all truths, no matter how we divide them into biblical, scientific, historical, etc. We must also realize that human experience widens and deepens. We know more, and feel more, and do more than any generation that ever preceded us. This means an enlarging conception of God.

Every generation, every person in any generation, inherits the riches of the past and increases it by his own experiences. So each age and person must reinterpret God. Experience, whether cosmic, national or personal, can have no toleration for the thought of finality. This is true of earth, and heaven will be an eternal coming to know more and more of God. Theology changes, must change, ought to change if God is a living God, and makes himself known to a changing race of his creatures.

Sympathy is essential to a true theology. No man can be understood by his enemy. He will not bare his secret self to one who hates him. Even if he did, the unsympathetic could not have the qualifications for knowing him. This is more true of God and our knowledge of him than of our understanding of one another. Only the pure in heart see him. One must love him to see him anywhere, here or in heaven, just as one must love the flowers to know botany, or æsthetics to know music and art, or love his friend to know him. It is both morally and intellectually impossible to know God if we ignore him, and rule him out of life. Theology is not a matter of sheer brain. It demands moral sympathy just as unity of selfhood with the facts of any realm is a necessary condition of knowing that realm. The unspiritual man must always have a false theology.—*W. C. Bitting, in the Standard (Baptist).*

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Children's Sayings

Reports of the federal Presbyterian conference at Charlotte, N. C., all note the fact that the delegates present from the Reformed Church in the United States expressed repeatedly their dissatisfaction that the plans there adopted for federation did not provide for closer union among the interested denominations. And the *Interior* is happy to learn that these gentlemen made good their earnestly professed belief in union by voluntarily meeting the representatives of our church in special consultation on the feasibility of joining their denomination directly with ours. The upshot of the frank talk together was an agreement to recommend to General Synod and General Assembly respectively the initial steps toward such a coalition—organic, if terms can be made,—federational, in any event. Dr. John H. Pugh, ex-president of the Reformed General Synod, and chairman of his delegation at Charlotte, writes to the official organ of the church: "The spirit of union is in the air and it is not an invention of men."—*The Interior.*

Trained Nurses

An interesting item has lately been published regarding trained nurses which may help to swell their ranks. It is to the effect that no other occupation for women shows such a large percentage of graduates into matrimony. The prime favorites of these interesting young ladies seem to be patients, with attending physicians a close second. It has often been stated that the active life of a trained nurse is under ten years, and the reason given has been the strain which the work puts on the physical system. It is comforting to know that there are other reasons. T. D. B.

Scalping Checked

A permanent injunction issued by the United States Court of Appeals at New Orleans prohibits brokers from dealing in railroad tickets, which by their form are untransferable. Right-minded people will rejoice in this ruling, as it puts up a barrier against a form of fraud which is not only a serious loss to the railroads, but which has been exercising a widespread corrupting influence on the public. Men with standards of honesty higher even than the usual run have been willing to take advantage of

this form of cheating. Railroad impositions should be checked, but with clean hands. Give the roads fair treatment, and it will be easier to get fair treatment from them.

Foreign Notes

A Swiss Sanitarium Report.—Of timely interest just now when Chicago is holding its tuberculosis exhibit and conferences is the first report of the Popular Genevan Sanatorium at Clairmont-sur-Sierre. This report covers the period from Oct. 23, 1903, to Dec. 31, 1904. It opens with a brief historical sketch from which we quote:

Among the scourges that ravage humanity, alcoholism and tuberculosis may be ranked without dispute among the first; and, since one is often the consequence of the other, the duty of all who interest themselves in social questions and the public welfare is to combat alcoholism in order, to a certain extent, to prevent tuberculosis. But while we are awaiting the age of gold when drinkers shall disappear, the ravages of tuberculosis are terrible, for statistics show that during the ten years 1885-1894, at Geneva, 4,069 deaths out of 22,605 were due to this disease, or more than one-fifth of the mortality. There is need, then, of combating the scourge by all possible means, and in 1896 the council of state appointed a medical commission to study the measures to be taken against human tuberculosis. Dr. Vincent, then director of the department of public health, presented for the commission, in March, 1897, a very complete report as to measures to be taken and on the necessity of establishing a sanatorium for the tuberculous poor of Geneva.

Among the most zealous advocates of the sanatorium was Dr. Hippolyte Gosse, whose name it is but just to inscribe at the head of this report, though he did not live to see the full result of his efforts. Convinced from his study of the subject that proper care under special conditions as to environment, climate and hygiene, might restore to health, by taking them in time, the sufferers from this terrible malady, Dr. Gosse succeeded in getting together a provisional committee for the study of ways and means to create a sanatorium. This new committee met for the first time March 18, 1898, at the Department of the Interior, under the chairmanship of M. Vincent, councillor of state. It consisted at first of twenty-nine members, but was subsequently considerably increased. It began its work early in April under the presidency of Dr. Gosse and divided into several sub-committees for the study of questions of location, plans, construction, etc.

The value of a sanatorium, as far as efficacy of cures is concerned, depends on a realization of a certain number of conditions, among which the most essential are a certain altitude and a proper exposure. The desired conditions were found on the plateau of Montana above Sierre at an altitude of 1,460 metres, with the maximum of isolation, pure air, beautiful scenery and rarety of fogs and rain. A spring furnished abundant good water, and the configuration of the site is such as to admit of level promenades for the invalids.

The acquirement of 39,037 square metres of land was decided upon, so as to have room for the necessary buildings without crowding. The land, with spring, a chalet, grading, a road and all incidental expenses, have cost 43,626.50 francs.

The plans were drawn by Architect A. Peyrot, who also, in co-operation with Mr. Pilet, superintended the construction. The building, a simple but attractive one, commends itself to all visitors by its location and its admirable interior arrangement. It cost, exclusive of site and furnishings, about 324,000 francs, and was constructed with strictest economy, the architect, Mr. Peyrot, charging nothing for his services as superintendent, which distance made especially difficult, nor even for office expenses.

The ambition of the building committee had been to construct and furnish the institution by means of popular subscriptions without appeal to canton or city, but great as were the enthusiasm and generosity of Genevans, the sums raised were far from sufficient to build and equip a sanitarium adequate to the needs of the population, and it was found necessary to have recourse to the cantonal and municipal authorities. Their grants, with the proceeds of various special entertainments, gifts, legacies, etc., sufficed to bring it to completion.

The government preferring that the sanatorium should remain a private institution, it became necessary for the originally provisional committee to incorporate it as an endowed institution, and it was formally recognized as such by the Grand Council, Nov. 2, 1901. At the same time an auxiliary society was formed to facilitate the sojourn of indigent patients at the sanatorium by defraying part of the expense, to assist the families of patients staying at the sanatorium, and lastly to contribute to the funds of the institution as far as its resources will allow.

The expense of furnishing, notwithstanding generous concessions, was comparatively heavy on account of the extreme difficulty of transporting goods to their somewhat inaccessible destination, and the day is eagerly awaited when a mountain railway will facilitate the transportation of both goods and patients.

The first two of the latter were received Oct. 23, 1903, and on Dec. 31, 1904, forty-three of the sixty-two available beds were occupied. The medical committee whose duty it is to examine twice a month applicants for admission to the sanatorium, is urged to be very strict, and not send hopeless cases to the sanatorium, as these cases are speedily aggravated by the trip to Clairmont and the change of altitude. It should never be forgotten that the purpose of the sanatorium is the rescue of the curable.

Stress is also to be laid upon the docility and moral character of the candidates for admission, for the aim of the institution is two-fold. While it seeks to improve the condition of its inmates, it should also be a school of order, care of the person and hygiene. When the artisan or laborer returns to his family from the sanatorium he should bring into his own home the reign of temperate habits, scrupulous cleanliness and good order so necessary to render his cure a lasting one.

The average daily attendance thus far has been 27, a number too small for satisfactory financial management; the expense of light, heat and general maintenance being about the same whether the number of inmates be large or small, it is relatively much better to have a larger number and it is confidently expected that as the institution becomes known the number will increase.

One of the great difficulties of running an institution so isolated is that of keeping up the necessary personnel. It was fitting to make the attempt with a lay staff, but the opinion is expressed that to have things go on smoothly and economically a religious personnel will be necessary, such alone being capable of the requisite devotion and self-sacrifice.

There are many other interesting details in this admirable pamphlet, which includes reports by the treasurer, the architect, the medical director, etc., as well as the statutes and regulations of the institution and abundant plates, some of which, with their entrancing mountain views, make one almost wish to be an inmate at least for a brief season. One feels that with a hope of cure a sojourn in these bright, attractive rooms with such a panorama spread out before one would not be an unmixed hardship, however strict and unwonted the discipline.

M. E. H.

A School of Music

A School of Music and Dramatic Art, located in the Auditorium Building, has been organized in Chicago by Dunstan Collins. The aim of this school is to give the broadest and most comprehensive training possible, acording to the highest modern standards and requirements. The course of study and general plan of work have been modeled after the best schools of Europe, and offer many superior advantages over other American institutions.

A notable faculty of teachers has been engaged to carry out the course of instruction that has been mapped out. In order to avoid unfortunate results which follow the employment of artist-teachers who have only their ability as public performers to recommend them, the management of the school has made an especially strong point of engaging only artists and teachers who have proved their teaching ability to be of the highest order. The proof of a teacher's value is the uniform excellence of his work, as shown by those under his instruction.

The Cosmopolitan School, throughout its different departments, recognizes the fact that the best training possible to be given is the training which enables the pupil to develop himself, after he has completed his course of study.

Give a student a correct system of the technic of his art, cultivate his power of self criticism, improve his taste by teaching him how to study and appreciate the masterpieces in his line of work, and he has a chance to make the most of his own ability.

To develop in music students the power to listen criticially to themselves, as well as to others, a thorough course of ear training has been adopted. This course will be under the direction of Mr. Franz Esser, first viola of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, and assistants. Unless pupils receive special training in the art of listening to music, the benefit of much of their instruction and practice is lost.

The school has secured the exclusive use of two recital halls, where lectures, concerts and recitals will be given.

The members of the faculty are artists now prominently before the public. This affords pupils the advantage of the musical atmosphere which is so widely praised in the music schools of Europe, and it will greatly add to the inspiration of the lesson hour.

There will be one hundred concerts and recitals given for the benefit of the pupils during the school year. Among

these, six chamber music concerts will be particularly notable.

For the normal work, a most practical system of training has been adopted. The teacher's plan of work is first taken up exhaustively, beginning with the rudiments. Then the application of the principles to be used is demonstrated in a practical way by teaching a pupil in the presence of the normal class. To make the work still more practical, the members of the normal classes will be required to prove their understanding of the work by instructing pupils themselves. (These pupils will receive free instruction, on account of being taught in this way.)

The Dunstan Collins Musical Agency, which has been a recognized power in the musical world for many years, will co-operate with the Cosmopolitan School, giving free assistance in securing for the pupils professional engagements and positions as teachers.

This is a most important advantage to music students. Most persons are more or less familiar with the struggle that the music student must make to gain his first recognition. He finds himself in a field where competition is so keen that even with the greatest talent and attainments he has little chance of securing what he really merits. The musical agencies give the preference to artists and teachers of established reputation, and the unknown applicant is thrown on his own resources.

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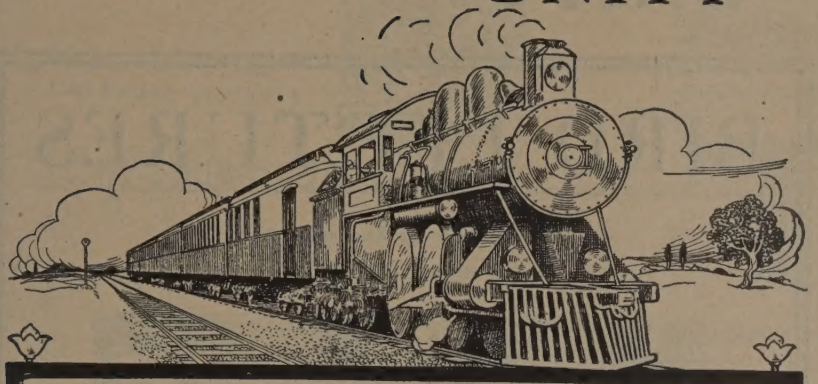

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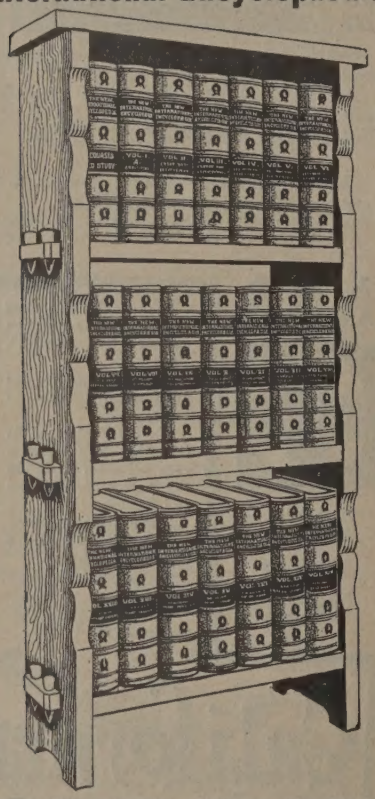

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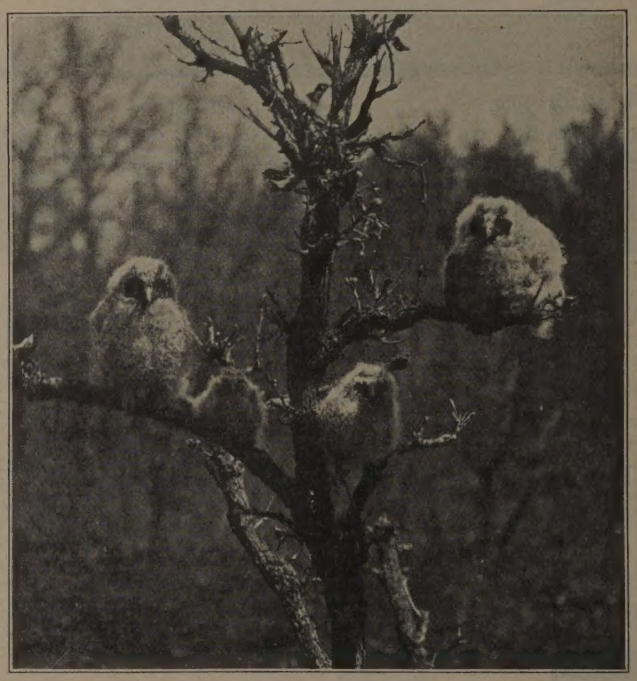

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DIXON, ILLINOIS, March 28, 1905.

Mr. Rett E. Olmstead recently delivered to the schools of Dixon two stereopticon lectures upon "Our Native Birds"—one in the afternoon to the lower grades, and one at night to the upper grades and the High School, as well as to adults of the city. The views shown were fine pictures of his own taking, and the lecture thoroughly sympathetic. The young hearer who catches Mr. Olmstead's spirit does not thereafter simply *know* more about birds; he *cares* more about them; and if he hunts them still it is more likely to be with the *camera* than the *gun*. Mr. Olmstead also kindly conducted our teachers on a "bird walk" through a wooded tract near the city, showing them how they might, in time, interest their pupils in the pleasant work of identifying our little friends of the air. Schools, Sunday-schools, Teachers' Institutes—any of them—could scarcely spend an hour more profitably or pleasantly than in listening to Mr. Olmstead.

L. B. NEIGHBOUR,
Supt. of Schools, Dixon, Ill.

CROWDS HEAR "BIRD TALKS."

Sioux City, Ia., March 23, 1906.—Interest? So much interest that, personified as it was by the chool children, their teachers, fond mammas and other friends, it could not be crowded into the Y. M. C. A. auditorium yesterday afternoon. Many holders of the green slip of admitance or the 10 cents which was good for a slip, were not able to hear the talk of Rett E. Olmstead, the bird man, or even see the vivid and lifelike stereopticon views with which he ilustrated the talk.

If this morning the children of Sioux City are not better versed in bird lore it is not because they did not make an effort to hear about their feathered friends, nor is it because Mr. Olmstead failed to live up to the encomiums spoken of his knowledge and ability along this line.

The audience was deeply interested in the realistic slides of birds as they look in their own haunts, and listened atentively to the "bird man" as he told in a simple and pleasing manner the stories of his visits to the birds, of his catching them unawares—with his camera—and his observations of their characteristics and habits.

The lecture, which was given under the auspices of the Mothers' Child Study club, was repeated in the evening before another large and interested audience at Mayflower Congregational church.

Single Lectures or a series will be given. The Lectures are suitable for *Audubon and Humane Societies, Schools, Teachers' Institutes, Libraries, Women's Clubs, Farmers' Institutes and Lecture Courses.*

Address Rett E. Olmstead, Earlville, Illinois, or Decorah, Ia.